

A true and particular Account of the

MURDER

That was committed by Mr. C---, on his Wife, about 5 Years ago, by hanging her up in his own Kitchen, and falsely swore that she hung herself, and had her Body buried at 12 o'Clock at Night, in a Cross Road, near Spitalfields Church, in the Presence of some Hundreds of People, who on his being taken ill and likely to die, confessed the Whole to his Doctor, and is now committed to Newgate in order to take his Trial the next Sessions at the Old Bailey ; together with a

Copy of Verses.

ON THE OCCASION.

THIS unfortunate Man, at the time of this shocking affair, was in a reputable Line of business, in the oil and grocery way, in *Brick Lane, Spital Fields*, and was doing exceeding well, till this most inhuman affair, which deprived him of his rest at night.

One day having been out, and on his return home him and his wife having some words together, he went into the yard and got a cord, and after having gagged her mouth that she might not cry out, he hung her up to a pole that was up in the kitchen, who soon expired.

Upon a report being spread of Mrs. C--- having been hung, a suspicion fell directly upon her husband, on account of the quarrelling they had just had before, which was heard by some of the neighbours, who immediately had him taken before a magistrate but there not being sufficient proof against him he was acquitted.

The reason of the discovery being made was by his own confession.

Having been taken very ill a bed, and expecting he should die, he sent for his Doctor, to whom he divulged the whole of his transaction, for which he is now lodged in Newgate to take his trial at the next Sessions. It is to be remarked he has never been in trade since the affair, he hav-

Copy of Verses.

ATTEND each wild and thoughtless man
Unto my tale of woe,
Concerning of a wicked wretch
As ever you could know ;
Who in Brick Lane, Spital Fields, did dwell,
And C--- it was his name,
It's enough to make one's blood run cold,
For to tell of the same.
No murder that was e'er found out,
With it sure can compare,
And for to screen this wicked deed,
Before the justice he did swear,
That the poor creature hung herself,
For which it was agreed unto,
Her body in a cross road must lay,
Near within a church-yard go.
Near to the church of Spitalfields
The road broke open were,
And at the hour of Twelve at Night,
Her body was laid there ;
Some hundreds from all parts did come,
To see her laid as deep,
While her murdering husband there did stand
And ne'er was seen to weep.
But the just God that reigns on high,
Such deeds doth bring about,
With sickness he afflicted him,
And so it was found out ;
For when he on his sick bed lay,
And thought he could not live,
To his doctor that attended him,
The whole account he gave.
But, alas ! this cruel barbarous wretch,
His health it was restored,
His doctor then he did make known,
The truth of every word ;
Before the sitting magistrate,
He was had without delay,
And now in Newgate he's confin'd,
For trial as they say.